

NO CONSCRIPTION IN CANADA

No War Tax on Land—Embargo on Shipment of Live Stock Removed.

During the prevalence of the foot-and-mouth disease in some portions of the United States, an embargo was placed upon interstate shipments. This also had an effect upon shipments to Canada, and necessarily an embargo was placed upon them making it almost impossible for upwards of a year to ship cattle into Canada from the United States. This was especially hard on the settler. As a result, Western Canada lost a number of settlers, they being unable to take their live stock with them. Canada is practically free from horse and cattle diseases, and the wish of the authorities is to keep it so.

Recently, though, an order has been issued by the Department of Agriculture, removing the embargo, and settlers are now free to take in the number of head of horses or cattle that are permitted by the Customs authorities and the freight regulations. This will be welcome news to those whose intention it is to move to Canada, taking with them stock that they have had in their possession for six months, and which it is the intention to use on land that they will farm in the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta.

There are thousands of splendid homesteads of 160 acres each in any of these provinces, that may be had upon the payment of a ten-dollar entry fee and fulfilling the requisite living and cultivation duties. These lands are well adapted to the growing of all the small grains, and besides, having an abundance of grass, and sufficient shelter, they are well adapted to the raising of stock.

If one prepares to purchase land, there could be no better time than the present. Prices are low, and particulars may be had from any of the land companies, of which there are several, or from the Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern railways, whose holdings are in the older settled districts, and whose terms are exceedingly easy to the settler. What these lands will do in the matter of production cannot be more strongly emphasized than in reading the reports of the crops throughout all parts of the Canadian West in 1915. Yields of 30, 40, and as high as 70 bushels of wheat to the acre were numerous, while reports of yields of from 20 to 45 bushels per acre were common. Oats as high as 120 bushels per acre are reported, 50 and 60 bushels per acre being ordinary. The prices realized by farmers have placed most of them on "easy street."

Lately there have appeared articles in a number of United States newspapers to the effect that there was conscription in Canada, or that such a law was likely to be put into effect. We have it from the highest authority in the Dominion that there is no truth in the statement. Sir Robert Borden at the opening of Canadian parliament on January 17th, said:

"In the first few months of the war I clearly stated that there would not be conscription in Canada. I repeat that statement today."

This statement should set at rest the conscription talk that has been so freely used to influence those who may be considering settling in Canada during the war.

It has also been said that there was a war tax on land. Hon. Dr. Roche, Minister of the Interior, over his own signature has denied this, and the premiers of the different provinces join in saying "such a report is absolutely untrue, and has no foundation whatever in fact, nor is there likely ever to be any such tax upon land in Canada."

The general prosperity of Western Canada farmers and business institutions is such that Canada is well able to take care of the extra war expenses without any direct war taxation. This has been well illustrated by the magnificent response to the Dominion Government's recent bond issue, which was more than doubly subscribed for within the first eight hours of its being offered to the public.

(The above appears as an advertisement and is paid for by the Dominion Government which authorizes its publication.)

I never knew a man who could chew tobacco gracefully.

HOW A DRUGGIST CURED HIS KIDNEY TROUBLE

For the past twenty-four years I have been selling Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root with excellent satisfaction to my customers who have used it. They are always pleased with the results obtained and speak very favorably regarding the preparation. It cured me of a bad case of Catarrh of the Bladder, and after two months' treatment with pharmaceuticals recommended for inflammation of the bladder. It is undoubtedly a remedy of great merit in the diseases for which it is so highly recommended.

Very truly yours,
J. W. HANAN, Druggist,
East Lynde, Mo.

November 24, 1915.
Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You
Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

The City of Numbered Days

By Francis Lynde

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SYNOPSIS.

Brouillard, chief engineer on the Niagara Traction dam, does out from camp to investigate a strange light and finds an automobile party camped at the canyon portal. Brouillard meets J. Wesley Cortwright.

Which is the more guilty, the rich man who bribes one who needs money or the man who takes it? If trouble comes, the man who takes the money usually goes to prison. Should the rich bribe-giver—the tempter—spend just as much time behind the bars?

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"I was just telling Van Bruce that his thundering fish cartridge would raise the neighbors," the trail climber went on with a stout man's chuckle. And then "You're one of the reclamation engineers? Great work the government is undertaking here. You are connected with it, aren't you?"

Brouillard's nod was for the man, but his words were for the young woman whose beauty refused to be quenched by the touring handlamps. "Yes, I am in charge of it," he said.

"Ha!" said the stout man, and this time the exclamation was purely appreciative. "Chief engineer, eh? That's fine, fine! My name is Cortwright—J. Wesley Cortwright of Chicago. And yours is—"

Brouillard named himself in one word. Strangers usually found him bluntly unresponsive to anything like effusiveness, but he was finding it curiously difficult to resist the good-natured heartiness which seemed to exude from the talkative gentleman, overhanging him like the honeydew on the leaves in a droughty forest.

If Mr. J. Wesley Cortwright's surprise on hearing the Brouillard surname was not genuine it was at least an excellent imitation.

"Well, well, well—you don't say? Not of the Brouillards of Knox county, Indiana?—but of course you must be." "Yes," said Brouillard. "Our branch of the family settled near Vincennes, and my father was on the bench, when he wasn't in politics."

"What? Not June Antoine? Why, my dear young man! Do you know that I once had the pleasure of introducing your good father to my bankers in Chicago? It was years ago, at a time when he was interested in floating a bond issue for some growing industry down on the Wabash. And to think that away out here in this howling wilderness, a thousand miles from nowhere, as you might say, I should meet his son!"

Brouillard laughed and fell headlong into the pit of triteness.

"The world isn't so very big when you come to surround it properly, Mr. Cortwright," he asserted.

"You are wondering what fool notion chased us away out here in the desert when we had a comfortable hotel to stop at," he rattled on. "I'll tell you, Mr. Brouillard—in confidence. It was curiosity—raw, country curiosity. The papers and magazines have been full of this Bucksin reclamation scheme, and we wanted to see the place where all the wonderful miracles were going to get themselves wrought out. Have you got time to 'put us next'?"

Brouillard, as the son of the man who had been introduced to the Chicago money gods in his hour of need, could scarcely do less than to take the time. The project, he explained, contemplated the building of a high dam across the upper end of the Niagara canyon and the converting of the inland valley above into a great storage reservoir. From this reservoir a series of distributing canals would lead the water out upon the arid lands of the Bucksin and the miracle would be a fact accomplished.

"Sure, sure!" said the cheerful quester, feeling in the pockets of the automobile coat for a cigar. At the match-striking instant he remembered a thing neglected. "By George! you'll have to pardon me, Mr. Brouillard; I'm always forgetting the little social details. Let me present you to my daughter, Genevieve. Gene, shake hands with the son of my good old friend, Judge Antoine Brouillard of Vincennes."

It was rather awkwardly done, and somehow Brouillard could not help fancying that Mr. Cortwright could have done it better. But when the unquenchable beauty stripped her gauntlet and gave him her hand, with a dazzling smile and a word of acknowledgment which was not borrowed from her father's effusive vocabulary, he straightway fell into another pit of triteness and his saving first impressions of Mr. J. Wesley Cortwright's character began to fade.

"I'm immensely interested," was Miss Cortwright's comment on the outlining of the reclamation project. "Do you mean to say that real farms with green things growing on them can be made out of that frightful desert we drove over yesterday afternoon?"

Brouillard smiled and plunged fatu-

ously. "Oh, yes; the farms are already there. Nature made them, you know; she merely forgot to arrange for their watering." He was going on to tell about the exhaustive experiments the department of agriculture experts had been making upon the Bucksin soils when the gentleman whose name had once figured upon countless thousands of lard packages cut in.

"Mr. Brouillard, how far is it up to where you are going to build your dam?"

"I'll be glad to show you the way if you care to try," Brouillard offered, and the tentative invitation was promptly accepted.

The transfer of viewpoints from the lower end of the canyon to the upper was effected without incident, save at its beginning, when the father would have called down to the young man who had waited ashore and was drying himself before the campfire. "Van Bruce won't care to go," the daughter hastened to say; and Brouillard, whose gift it was to be able to pick out and identify the human derelict at long range, understood perfectly well the reason for the young woman's haste.

One result of the successfully marketed lard packages was very plainly evident in the dissipated face and hangdog attitude of the marketer's son.

Conversation flagged on the climb from the Bucksin level to that of the reservoir valley, but when they reached the pine tree of the anchored blueprints at the upper portal, Mr. Cortwright recovered his breath sufficiently to gasp his appreciation of the prospect and its possibilities.

"Why, good goodness, Mr. Brouillard, it's practically all done for you!" he wheeled, taking in the level, mountain-enclosed valley with an appreciative eye-sweep. "What will you do?—build your dam right here and take out your canal through the canyon? Is that the plan?"

Brouillard nodded and went a little further into details, showing how the inward-arching barrier would be anchored into the two opposing mountain buttresses.

"And the structure itself—how high is it to be?"

"Two hundred feet above the spillway apron foot, concrete and steel."

"Then you are going to need Portland cement—a whole lot of it. Where will you get it? And how will you get it here?"

Brouillard smiled inwardly at the pork packer's suddenly awakened interest in the technical ways and means. His four years in the desert had taken him out of touch with a money-making world, and this momentary contact with one of its successful devotees was illuminating.

CHAPTER III No Easy Mark

"We are in luck on the cement proposition," Brouillard told the eager money-maker. "We shall probably manufacture our own supply right here on the ground."

"H'm," said the millionaire; "a cement plant, eh? The materials have all been tested, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; we've had experts in here for more than a year. The material is all right."

"And your labor?"

"On the dam, you mean? We shall work all the Indians we can get from the Navajo reservation, forty-odd miles south of here; for the remainder we shall import men from the States."

Mr. Cortwright's calculating eye roved once more over the attractive prospect.

"Fuel for your power plant?—wood, I take it?" he surmised; and then:

"Oh, I forgot; you say you have coal."

"Yes; there is coal, of a sort; good enough for the cement kilns. For power we shall utilize the river. There is another small canyon at the head of the valley where a temporary dam can be built which will deliver power enough to run anything—an entire manufacturing city, if we had one."

"No chance for a man to get the thin edge of a wedge in anywhere," lamented the money-maker despairingly. Then his eye lighted upon the graybeard dump of a solitary mine high up on the face of Mount Chigringo. "What's that up there?" he demanded.

"It is a mine," said Brouillard, showing Miss Cortwright how to adjust the fieldglass for the shorter distance. "Two men named Massingale, father and son, are working it, I'm told." And then again to Miss Genevieve: "That is their cabin—on the trail a little to the right of the tunnel opening."

"I see it quite plainly," she returned. "Two people are just leaving it to ride down the path—a man and a woman. I think, though the woman—if it is a woman—is riding on a man's saddle."

Brouillard's eyebrows went up in a little arch of surprise. Hardly the topographical engineer who had made all the preliminary surveys and had spent the better part of the former summer in the Niagara, had reported on the Massingales, father and son, and his report had conveyed a hint of possible antagonism on the part of the mine owners to the government project. But there had been no mention of a woman.

"The Massingale mine, eh?" broke in the appraiser of values crisply. "They showed us some ore specimens from that property while we were stopping over in Red Butte. It's rich—good and plenty rich—if they have the quantity. And somebody told me they had the quantity, too; only it was too far from the railroad—couldn't jack freight it profitably over the Timpanogos."

"In which case it is one of many," Brouillard said, taking refuge in the generalities.

But Mr. Cortwright was not to be so easily diverted from the pointed particulars—the particulars having to do with the pursuit of the market trail.

"I'm beginning to get my feet on bottom, Brouillard," he said, dropping the courtesy prefix and shoving his fat hands deep into the pockets of the dust-coat. "There's a business proposition here, and it looks mighty good to me. I tell you, I can smell money in this valley of yours—scads of it."

Brouillard laughed. "It is only the fragrance of future reclamation service appropriations," he suggested. "There will be a good bit of money spent here before the Bucksin desert gets its maiden wetting."

"I don't mean that at all," was the impatient rejoinder. "Let me show you: you are going to have a population of some sort. That's the basis. Then you're going to need cement, lumber and steel. It can be manufactured right here on the spot."

"The cement and the lumber can be produced here, but not the steel," Brouillard corrected.

"That's where you're off," snapped the millionaire. "There are fine ore beds in the Hopkins and a pretty good quality of coking coal. Ten or twelve miles of a narrow gauge railroad would dump the pig metal into the upper end of your valley, and there you are. With a small reduction plant you could tell the big steel people to go hang."

"Unquestionably. But this is a case of can't-help-it," Brouillard argued. "You couldn't begin to interest private capital in any of those industries you speak of."

"Why not?" was the curt demand. "Because when the dam is completed and the spillway gates are closed, the Niagara cascade and everything in it will go down under two hundred feet of water."

"The—what?" queried Miss Cortwright.

"The Niagara cascade—'Place where they came up'—said Brouillard, elucidating for her. "That is the Navajo name for this valley. Our map makers shortened it to 'Niquola' and the cowmen of the Bucksin foothills have cut that to 'Nick wire.'"

This bit of explanatory place lore was entirely lost upon Mr. J. Wesley Cortwright.

"Say, Brouillard," he cut in, "you got me the right to build that power dam, and give me the contracts for what material you'd rather buy than make, and I'll be switched if I don't take a shot at this drowning proposition myself. I tell you, it looks pretty good to me. What do you say?"

"I say," laughed the young chief of construction, "that I'm only a hired man. You'll have to go a good few rounds higher up on the authority ladder to close a deal like that. I'm not sure it wouldn't require an act of congress."

"Well, by George, we might get even that if we had to," was the optimistic assertion. "You think about it."

"I guess it isn't my think," said Brouillard, inclined to take the retired pork packer's suggestion as the mere ravings of a money-mad promoter. "As the government engineer in charge of this work, I couldn't afford to be identified even as a friendly intermediary in any such scheme as the one you are proposing."

"Of course, I suppose not," agreed the would-be promoter, sucking his under lip in a way ominously familiar to his antagonists in the wheat pit. Then he glanced at his watch and changed the subject abruptly. "We'll have to be straggling back to the chug-wagon. Much obliged to you, Mr. Brouillard. Will you come down and see us off?"

At the final descent in the trail, with the Bucksin blankness showing

hotly beyond the curtaining pines, they passed at a step from romance to the crude realities.

The realities were basing themselves upon the advent of two newcomers, riding down the Chigringo trail to the ford which had been the scene of the fish slaughtering; a sunburnt young man in goatskin "chaps," flannel shirt and a flapping Stetson, and a girl whose face reminded Brouillard of one of the Madonnas, whose name and painter he strove vainly to recall. Ten seconds farther along the horses of the pair were sniffing suspiciously at the automobile, and the young man under the flapping hat was telling Van Bruce Cortwright what he thought of cartridge fishermen in general, and of this present cartridge fisherman in particular.

"Which the same, being translated into Bucksin English, hollers like this," he concluded. "Don't you tote



"I See It Quite Plainly," She Returned.

any more fish cartridges into this here reservation; not no more, whatsoever. Who says so? Well, if anybody should ask, you might say it was Tig Smith, foreman of the Tri-Circ outfit. No, I ain't no game warden, but what I say goes as she says. Nates?"

Brouillard walked his companion down to the car and helped her to a seat in the topmost. She repaid him with a nod and a smile, and when he saw that the credits were not troubling her he stepped aside and unconsciously fell to comparing the two—the girl on horseback and his walking mate of the canyon passage.

They had little enough in common, apart from their descent from Eve, he decided—and the decision itself was subconscious. The millionaire's daughter was a warm blonde, beautiful, queenly, a finished product of civilization and high-priced culture, a wisp of the world. And the girl on horseback? A rather slight figure, a face winsome, masses of copper-brown hair eyes.

He caught himself underrating her cowboy lover—he had already jumped to the sentimental conclusion—had ever been able to look into those steadfast eyes and trade with the truth.

When the fish-slaughtering matter was finally settled—not by the tender of money that Mr. Cortwright had made—the man Smith and his pretty riding mate galloped through the ford and disappeared among the barren hills.

As reverie, Mr. Brouillard, said the princess, as the big car righted itself for the southward flight into the desert. "If I were you I shouldn't fail to love with the calm-eyed goddess who rides like a man. Mr. Tri-Circ Smith might object, you know."

There was something almost heart warming in the bit of parting badinage, but the warmth might have given place to a disconcerting chill if he could have heard Mr. J. Wesley Cortwright's remark to his seat companion.

"He isn't going to be the dead easy mark I hoped to find in the son of the old bankrupt hair-splitter. Gene, girl. But he'll come down and hook himself all right if the bait is well covered with his particular brand of sugar."

Don't you forget it."

CHAPTER IV Sands of Pactolus

If Victor Brouillard had been disposed to speculate seriously upon the possibilities suggested by Mr. J. Wesley Cortwright on the occasion of the capitalist's brief visit to the Niagara, there was little leisure for it. Fairly confronting his problem, Brouillard did not find himself hampered by departmental inertia. While he was rapidly organizing his force for the constructive attack, the equipment and preliminary material for the upbuilding of the great dam were piling up by the trainload on the sidetracks at Quesada, and at once the man and beast killing task of rushing the excavating outfit of machinery, teams, scrapers, rock-drilling installations, steam shovels, and the like, over the War Arrow trail was begun.

What will be the first step Brouillard takes to thwart the great efforts of Cortwright and congressional politicians in their concession-grabbing scheme? Watch for developments in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IS CHILD CROSS, FEVERISH, SICK

Look, Mother! If tongue is coated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Children love this "fruit laxative," and nothing else cleanses the tender stomach, liver and bowels so nicely.

A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels, and the result is they become tightly clogged with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sour, then your little one becomes cross, half-sick, feverish, don't eat, sleep or act naturally, breath is bad, system full of cold, has sore throat, stomach ache or diarrhoea. Listen, Mother! See if tongue is coated, then give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the system, and you have a well child again. Millions of mothers give "California Syrup of Figs" because it is perfectly harmless; children love it, and it never fails to act on the stomach, liver and bowels.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

Explaining Himself.
"Don't you think that woman's skirt is—er—is a trifle too high?"
"That depends on the point of view."
"Oh, the point of view is eminently satisfactory, so far as I am concerned. I was just speaking on general principles."—Exchange.

BABY'S ITCHING SKIN

Quickly Soothed and Healed by Cuticura. Trial Free.

Bathe with hot water and Cuticura Soap. If there is any irritation anoint gently with Cuticura Ointment on end of finger. Refreshing slumber for restless, fretful babies usually follows the use of these super-creamy emollients. They are a boon to tired mothers.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

One on Grandmother.
"Bobby, the grandmother—Grandma, have you ever seen an engine wagging its ears?"
"Grandma—No, nonsense, Bobby, I never heard of an engine having any ears."
"Bobby—Why haven't you, ever heard of engines?"

Important to Mothers.
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Watson. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Mother's Castoria.

Retort Courteous.
"You are getting quite bold, sir," remarked the French barber.
"Yes," replied the victim to the chair, "but if my head ever gets as soft as yours I'll raise hell to sell."

SOAP IS STRONGLY ALKALINE and constant use will burn out the scalp. Cleanse the scalp by shampooing with "La Creole" Hair Dressing, and darken in the natural way, those ugly, grizzly hairs. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

The Philosopher.
Mrs. Knicker: Outdoor work is healthy.
Weary Willie: Outdoor idleness is much more healthy.

To Drive Out Malaria And Build Up The System
Take the Old Standard GROVE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents.

Paradoxical.
"I like that man Jobbia."
"Why?"
"He's straightforward."
"That's queer. Everybody says he's a crab."

USE ALLEN'S FOOT-POWDER.
The antiseptic powder to be shaken into shoes and used in foot-bath. It relieves painful swollen, smarting, itching, tired feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. The greatest comfort discovery of the age. Sold everywhere. 50c. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

The Other Groundhog.
Knicker—What were you, wondering?
Becker—Whether the pork barrel saw its shadow.

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY
Is her hair. If yours is streaked with ugly, grizzly gray hairs, use "La Creole" Hair Dressing and change it in the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Longsighted.
"Has he a sense of fairness?"
"Goodness, yes! He can tell them a block away."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 40 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

German shippers have never favored the Kiel canal, as they prefer the long sea voyage to the toll charges.

A single nest of the Australian bush turkey has been found to weigh five tons.